UNITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOL. III. *CHICAGO, MAY 1, 1879.* No. 5.

PROF. SWING AND "UNITY."

Prof. Swing, in his article in the last *Alliance*, commends the purpose of UNITY, and quoting from it E. E. Hale's letter, says if Unitarians "will raise the flag of Unity in the sense of brotherhood," it will be "the best flag that can wave over any religion." He says though "never displeased with the looks of this theological personage, I shall henceforth feel that Unitarianism is really good-looking."

We as cordially thank him, but still think the article is not quite just to Unitarians nor to us. We shall not dispute on a question of taste, as where he adds that though "Unitarianism is really good-looking," it is "not quite so charming as a broad orthodoxy. Broad orthodoxy is the handsomest child of the period." But this child is so rare! Even Prof. Swing met obstacles in establishing a "broad orthodoxy;" and only his personal power and popularity made the expansion a graceful success. Seldom does the attempt reach so happy a result. This editor, for instance, once preached in the same denomination with Prof. Swing, and for heresies no worse than his was gently but firmly cast out of the Presbyterian ministry, and had to seek the broader Unitarian fellowship. Many Unitarians have become such through a similar process. They find there a hospitable home when driven out elsewhere. It is quite natural that they should think Unitarianism broader than orthodoxy, and quite human that they should say so in their weaker moments. Perhaps now and then one, gazing in that glass wherein Mr. Swing repeatedly figures Unitarianism beholding itself, is so charmed as to pronounce his own denomination "the handsomest child of the period,"—though we never heard the statement made publicly.

But certainly Unitarians have not, as he implies, been engaged all this time in "the debate about a Trinity;" they have not been "quarrelsome over their one God;" they have not been intolerant. Their Western organization some years ago declared, "this Conference conditions its fellowship upon no dogmatic tests;" the Wisconsin Conference still earlier declared, "we hold the name Unitarian in no narrower sense than that of an effort to *unite* the best methods and spirit in all denominations." And the recently published "Sermons" of Geo. Putnam, who for nearly fifty years represented New England Unitarianism as a preacher in Boston, report him saying in 1860 that for thirty years "I have hardly ever spoken so much as the word 'Unitarian,' or sought to enlist anything like sectarian sympathies;" he regards Unitarianism "not so much as a body of opinions, as the principle of liberty of opinions;" he sees no harm in sects if they will acknowledge that "there is but one religion and that is goodness;" he works for "that crowning fact of the Christian life—a sense of the universal unity and brotherhood." Surely Unitarianism has not shown "intolerance;" and if not "the handsomest child of the period," it has contributed to learning and literature and public life a goodly number of fair sons and daughters.

But though such is the spirit of Unitarians, UNITY did not seek by its name to identify itself with them, or to become their organ. Its idea is even larger than Mr. Swing tells when he says it "advocates the essential oneness of all who wear the Christian name." It would not be prejudiced by the labels men "wear," but aims to see beneath "the Christian name," and proclaim the principles which unite Christianity with so many other forms of faith in the one religion of goodness. It even goes further and would see the divine unity of law and life, which connects religion with man, and man with nature, and all things with each other and in God. With us *unity* means no less than this.

With this correction we heartily thank Prof. Swing for his welcome, and for his statement that Unity is "the best flag that can wave over any religion."

One of the most important questions to come before the Western Conference at Cincinnati next week (see notice in another column), is that of the retention of Mr. Jones in the missionary work. It is not a question of the need of such work, which all see; nor of his eminent fitness for and success in it, which all admit. A correspondent writes: Mr. Jones "is a Bishop and a missionary, and an able-bodied, inspiring, tact-full manager, all in one; and we get him for $900! and don't pay it. If he

does drop out, we deserve it, and then we'll cry for him." Nor is it a question of ability to support him; the few and feeble churches of Wisconsin alone supported him in his missionary field one year, and paid him more than is now asked for him from the whole West. It is rather a question of determination. Let the liberals but make up their minds to do half they can, and his work goes on. But let them be business-like in making the agreement, and prompt in fulfilling it.

Mr. Gannett's little church at St. Paul, though assessed but $50, by making an effort the other day raised $125, and pledged itself to raise $100 more before Jan. 1, for next year. May the example stimulate others!

During the Zulu war it may be well to notice John Morley's judgment of it in the leading article of the last *Fortnightly Review*. "Between the lines of every telegram that tells Englishmen of the fine practice of their guns, the valour of their soldiers, and the brilliant success of their generals, our people should see written in letters of flame that this war is one of the worst crimes that has been perpetrated in our history." Mr. Morley also quotes from a sermon preached in Grahamstown, tracing in England's injustice the Lord's hand; and adds: "It would only be too easy, for alas! the satire is as old as Christianity, to mock at the priests of the creed of brotherly love and meekness and charity, 'wading through slaughter to a' pulpit, to preach how blessed are the peace-makers." Bishop Colenso also favors the Zulus.

Mr. Ingersoll, replying last week to his various critics in Chicago, insisted that they should define their own belief about the Bible. This editor's belief is that the Bible should be treated just as fairly as other books; and to speak exclusively of "mistakes" of any book, is hardly fair treatment. From our standpoint we should expect the Bible to contain more mistakes than can be told in one lecture. But treated in the true literary spirit, it is no more damaged by its superstitions than the Iliad by its fables of the gods; nor is true religion any more harmed by Biblical mistakes, than poetry by Shakespeare's portrayal of ghosts and witches. Mr. Ingersoll is simply prosecuting attorney. But even in religion a prosecuting attorney is good now and then, if the soul sits calmly behind as judge; and doubtless these lectures, though encouraging much present irreverence, will, in the end, help to bring a purer religion. The late judgment of President Andrew D. White is worth noting: "One thing is certain, and that is, that if we have a few Ingersolls thundering around the horizon for a few years, the popular idea of God will be perceptibly changed for the better. We shall by this means have some persons made atheists, no doubt,—a thing greatly to be regretted; but those who retain their belief in God will believe in him as a higher and more perfect being."

Toleration is coming. Thomas Muir was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation for advising to read Thomas Paine's works; "the Bolton town-crier was imprisoned ten weeks for announcing" the arrival of his bones; and, three years ago, Independence Hall would not receive his bust, though probably to him more than to any other the idea of American independence was due. But Mr. Conway's new eulogy of Paine dares to tell us that even Washington was unjust to him, and that "it would be impossible to find in the eighteenth century a name surrounded with brighter halo by those of his contemporaries whom the world now honors." Mr. Conway even dares to palliate his weakness for drink in old age. "There is not the least doubt that Paine was a temperate man up to the time, when close upon seventy, his friends began to turn from him." "It need hardly excite wonder, if in the solitude to which he was forced, the old man drank enough for pious imagination to turn him into a sot." But his drinking those last three years "was not enough to prevent his writing many able essays," and "would not have been heard of but for that heterodoxy which exposeth a multitude of sins."

It seems that the "thirty-nine articles" are yet to become the law of the land. Rev. H. M. Baum's new book on the Episcopal church, calls it "the American church;" and the recent work of J. A. Spencer, S. T. D., told us that it "aims to be the National Church of the United States," and "cannot consistently recognize the validity of the commission of those who minister among the great body of Protestant denominations, whether Presbyterian or Congregational." Since, however, this would-be "National Church" counts as its present communicants considerably less than one per cent. of the population of the country, the forty-sixth congress will probably not establish it.

Duluth, Minn., sends us twenty-seven subscribers, the fourth club of twenty-seven, which a correspondent calls "Unity's golden number." This is the way to do it. Three men started to raise a club of ten, with so small hopes that they put the price at $1.00, and would make up the balance themselves. But the ten came so easily, that they raised to the normal price, $1.25, and soon reached the twenty-seven.

THE LIBERAL PREACHERS OF AMERICA OUT OF THE PULPIT.

III.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MRS. S. C. LL. JONES.

James Russell Lowell is the poet of life, of action, of truth, of duty. The son of a (Unitarian) Congregational minister, although bred to the bar, he shows throughout his poems the theological tendency in his blood, radical, outspoken, and sincere; always true to the highest truth as it reveals itself to his mind, putting it in a strong, plain, straightforward way—

> "For men in earnest have no time to waste
> In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth."
> —*A Glance Behind the Curtain.*

And Lowell is in earnest. There is the ring of the the man who means it whenever he falls to preaching, and we feel that he is, himself, the poet of the olden time in the "Ode." That his

> "Song with blood-warm truth is rife;
> * * * *
> His soul is led by the eternal law;
> * * * *
> He can believe the promise of to-morrow,
> And feel the wondrous meaning of to-day;
> He has a deeper faith in holy sorrow
> Than the world's seeming loss can take away.
> To know the heart of all things is his duty,
> All things do sing to him to make him wise,
> * * * * *
> He foresees how all things false shall crumble
> Before the free, uplifting soul of man:
> And, when he is made full to overflowing
> With all the loveliness of heaven and earth,
> Out runs his song, like molten iron glowing,
> To show God sitting by the humblest hearth.
> With calmest courage he is ever ready
> To teach that action is the truth of thought,
> And, with strong arm and purpose firm and steady,
> An anchor to the drifting world he wrought."

He is eminently the poet of humanity. 'Tis of man and for man he writes. His sermons are thoroughly practical and for every-day life.

> "Poesy springs not from rocks aud woods;
> Her womb and cradle are the human heart.
> * * * * *
> All nations have their message from on high,
> Each the Messiah of some central thought,
> For the fulfilment and delight of Man:
> One has to teach that labor is divine;
> Another Freedom; and another Mind;
> And all, that God is open-eyed and just,
> The happy centre and calm heart of all!"—*L'Envoi.*

There runs all through Lowell's teachings an unbounded faith in divine love and divine justice. God's vigilance never waneth. We may not be able to discern it, but the great souls always feel it. In all our struggles for the highest and best, God has so ordered the universe that not even a good intention goes without leaving its beneficent influence upon the intender. Nothing is lost—every act, every aspiration leaves its mark for weal or for woe.

> "The thing we long for, that we are
> For one transcendent moment,
> * * * *
> And longing moulds in clay what Life
> Carves in the marble Real."—*Longing.*

The more we read Lowell, the more he thrills us; new meanings seem to come out of the old words. He takes us

> "Down 'mid the tangled roots of things
> That coil about the central fire."—*The Miner.*

We cannot help feeling, as we pore over "A Glance Behind the Curtain," that he has had a peep there himself, and the entire poem is to us a real gospel, full of prophetic wisdom.

> "We see but half the causes of our deeds,
> Seeking them wholly in the outer life.
> * * * * *
> We call our sorrows Destiny, but ought
> Rather to name our high successes so.
> Only the instincts of great souls are Fate,
> And have predestined sway: all other things,
> Except by leave of us, could never be.
> For Destiny is but the breath of God
> Still moving in us, the last fragment left
> Of our unfallen nature, waking oft
> Within our thought, to beckon us beyond
> The narrow circle of the seen and known,
> And always tending to a noble end."

To Lowell, Truth is a living, vital force, full of life, growth and action, and he who would know it must always be in marching order and ever advancing.

> "New occasions teach new duties; Time
> Makes ancient good uncouth;
> They must upward still, and onward,
> Who would keep abreast of Truth;
> Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
> Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
> Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key."—*Present Crisis.*

Truth demands of her followers ever that they be earnest, fearless, faithful and loyal, that they must not

> "Fear to follow out the truth,
> Albeit along the precipice's edge,"

and that they neither paint nor varnish facts, but

> "Speak plain: there is more force in names
> Than most men dream of; and a lie may keep
> Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk
> Behind the shield of some fair-seeming name."
> * * * * *
> "Hath Good less power of prophecy than Ill?
> How else could men whom God hath called to sway
> Earth's rudder, and to steer the bark of Truth,
> * * * * *
> Bear all the mean and buzzing grievances,
> The petty martyrdoms, wherewith Sin strives
> To weary out the tethered hope of Faith,
> The sneers, the unrecognizing look of friends,

Who worship the dead corpse of old king Custom,
Where it doth lie in state within the Church.

* * * * *

When I read o'er the bitter lives
Of men whose eager hearts were quite too great
To beat beneath the cramped mode of the day,
And see them mocked at by the world they love,
Haggling with prejudice for pennyworths
Of that reform which their hard toil will make
The common birthright of the age to come,—
When I see this, spite of my faith in God,
I marvel how their hearts bear up so long;
Nor could they but for this same prophecy,
This inward feeling of the glorious end."

—*Glance Behind the Curtain.*

It is always the hope in the future, the faith that his fellow men in time may reap the fruit of his patience, perseverance and suffering, that buoys up the reformer. But for this hope the heart would sink, the weary body relax, and the spirit yield to discouragements. The soul that has a mission must have faith strong enough in that mission to recognize no such word as failure. He must believe in the work he has to do as he does in his own existence. It must be to him a divine necessity of the soul, and he must feel sure that

"Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong."

And although

"Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the Future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

* * * * * * *

They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin.

* * * * * * *

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet-hearts hath burned.

* * * * * * *

But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them across the sea.

* * * * * * *

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side."—*Present Crisis.*

This is certainly one of the finest sermons to him who wavers between his sense of honesty, his loyalty to truth, his perfect sincerity, and his veneration for the past—for the creed and the church of his fathers. It is only the man who stands up in the integrity of his own soul and declares the truth, the whole truth, as it comes to him, be that truth what it will and let it bring to him what it may, who bequeaths to his children the inheritance of true manhood, the only inheritance really worth bequeathing. It is only in truth and through truth salvation comes, and

"Those love Truth best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare dream of dare do."

—*Commemoration Ode.*

The minister who, from Sunday to Sunday, stands in a pulpit and talks to his people in a language he knows they do not fully comprehend—so wording his real meaning that the radical thinker who hovers around his ministrations feels sure he is "a Liberal," and yet does not startle the sleepy old monied deacon from his stupid complacency, just as surely "makes compromise with sin" as does the burglar who steals into your house at midnight, and he "enslaves" his spiritual "children's children" mentally and morally. It is a fearful thing to bar the door of conscience against Truth. She will not stand waiting for the vacillating spirit to decide. It is true—only too true, alas!—that

"We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bell our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away;
'Tis only God may be had for the asking"

—*Vision of Sir Launfal.*

In "Ambrose" we have a beautiful parable on toleration, which the enthusiastic but narrow-minded creed-maker and creed-worshiper will find a lesson well worth studying.

In "The Cathedral" we are taught universal sympathy—that subtle under-current of feeling, that indescribable something which pervades all hearts and forms the grand chain which binds life to life—not only man to man, but God to man—a mystic link of love, of unity, which the sectarian, encased in the armor of his creed, loses largely.

"Did Faith build this wonder? or did fear

* * * * *

Contrive this coop to shut its Tyrant in?

* * * * *

I turned and saw a beldame on her knees;
With eyes astray, she told mechanic beads
Before some shrine of saintly womanhood,
Bribed intercessor with the far-off Judge:
Such my first thought, by kindlier soon rebuked,
Pleading for whatsoever touches life
With upward impulse: be He nowhere else,
God is in all that liberates and lifts,
In all that humbles, sweetens, and consoles.

* * * * *

My lids were moistened as the woman knelt,
And—was it will, or some vibration faint
Of sacred Nature, deeper than the will?—
My heart occultly felt itself in hers,
Through mutual intercession gently leagued.

* * * * *

Man cannot be God's outlaw if he would,
Nor so abscond him in the caves of sense
But Nature still shall search some crevice out
With messages of splendor from that Source
Which, dive he, soar he, baffles still and lures.

This life were brutish did we not sometimes
Have intimations clear of wider scope,
Hints of occasion infinite, to keep
The soul alert with noble discontent."

Though thoroughly radical, Lowell is no harsh iconoclast who delights in battering down the frail structures our weaker, poorer faith may have reared, and leave us unsheltered and forlorn, but he gives us a better, grander faith, out of his own rich nature, and we leave our old conceptions for the larger, the nobler, as we leave the old crumbling dwelling for the newer one.

"Nor know I which to hold worst enemy,—
Him who on speculation's windy waste
Would turn me loose, stript of the raiment warm
By Faith contrived against our nakedness,
Or him who, cruel-kind, would fain obscure,
With painted saints and paraphrase God,
The soul's east window of divine surprise.
Where others worship I but look and long;
For, though not recreant to my fathers' faith,
Its forms to me are weariness, and most;
That drony vacuum of compulsory prayer,
Still pumping phrases for the Ineffable,
Though all the valves of memory gasp and wheeze.
* * * * *
Perhaps the deeper faith that is to come
Will see God rather in the strenuous doubt,
Than in the creed held as an infant's hand
Holds purposeless whatso is placed therein."
—*The Cathedral.*

Never go to Lowell to be soothed, quieted, made serenely content; but rather go to him for strength, action, and courage to dare and to do. Go to him when faith in eternal justice wavers and doubts—when the soul sickens and longs for rest—when the heart wearies and the head cries "What's the use?" Go to Lowell then to be stirred, to have your faith quickened, your nerves strengthened. His is the bugle's blast that thrills us into action. His gospel is living, vital, aggressive. He puts work into our soul, makes religion to us a grand reality, and we long to go forth to do service for Truth and for Right. He gives us the gospel of work. Even in death he recognizes no inactivity.

"Life is the jailer, Death the angel sent
To draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.
He flings not ope the ivory gate of Rest,—
Only the fallen spirit knocks at that,—
But to benigner regions beckons us,
To destinies of more rewarded toil."
—*On the Death of a Friend's Child.*

His faith in the future life, in the infinite love and tenderness of an all-wise and good Father, is very beautiful and vitalizing.

"I do not come to weep above thy pall,
And mourn to dying-out of noble powers;
The poet's clearer eye should see, in all
Earth's seeming woe, the seed of Heaven's flowers.
* * * * *
No power can die that ever wrought for Truth;
Thereby a law of Nature it became.
* * * * *
Thy soul its hampering aside hath thrown,
And only freer wrestles with the Ill.
* * * * *
In Heaven's wide chambers there is room
For love and pity, and for helpful deeds;
Else were our summons thither but a doom
To life more vain than this in clayey weeds."
—*Elegy on the Death of Dr. Channing.*

To him or her who with wordy consolation would go to the bereaved soul and pour in a "well-meant alms of breath," when that aching heart can know naught but its own sorrow, I would suggest the reading of "After the Burial," and learn from it, oh, my friend, that that is a time when "silence is golden."

"Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
Your morals most drearily true;
But since the earth clashed on *her* coffin,
I keep hearing that, and not you."

To the bereaved parent is there anything more touchingly, tenderly true, than "The Changeling," where the loved babe—gone hence—lives here in memory, beautiful, glorified, ever present? And with him in "The First Snow-Fall," we clasp and kiss our dead with the living child. They grow together. We never lose our children—they are only in another of the many rooms of our Father's mansion.

"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan."

And to this Bible Lowell has added his chapter, a chapter rich in texts of faith, of trust, and of honesty. It teaches strongly the lesson that

"If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor."
—*Bibliolatres.*

Let us, then, take this gospel of Truth and Work home to our hearts and into our lives. To be truthful does not imply rudeness, or harsh, unkind remarks. The person who scolds most readily is by no means the most truthful person in the community. Truth possesses a certain dignity. The truthful soul stands erect. Work, her twin sister and companion, must have part also in our lives. Let us never think of the rest in the grave, but of the many things God has given us to do here, sink self and embrace humanity.

"All paths to the Father lead,
Where self the feet have spurned."
—*Godminster Chimes.*

"Comfort your hearts and establish you in every good word and work."

A Cincinnati paper reports that Mr. Wendte's church, "recently refitted at a cost of $3,000, was occupied for the first time" Easter Sunday, and was much too small for the congregation present. It was beautifully decorated, and the exercises included a memorial service for those who had died during the year. In the sermon, reported in full in the *Commercial*, Mr. Wendte said: "The best way to recover our faith in the heaven hereafter is to become more heavenly minded here and now. 'Heaven is a temper, not a place.' It consists in seeing the truth, loving goodness, and doing the right in a trustful, thankful, worshipful spirit. It is the sublime consciousness that it is God who worketh in us, and not we ourselves. The more we believe in ourself, the more we shall believe in the eternity of that self. The more we feel ourselves one with the eternal God, the more we shall be willing to wait with trustful spirit for His fuller revelation.

THE GROWTH OF DOCTRINE; OR, THE OLD-NEW CREED.

III.

MIRACLE.

G. E. GORDON.

It is becoming more and more evident that the time-honored argument for the validity of the Christian Miracles has been carried on in a vicious circle. The hemisphere of a needed revelation, demanded alike by the nature of God and man, has rested its substance upon another hemisphere of supposed miracles, wrought by God for man's sake. But this sphere has lost its solidity. The gradual growth of the doctrine of evolution has displaced the older idea of special supernatural revelation, while the criticism of the age and authorship of the New Testament documents has brought discredit upon the miraculous "evidence." A close study of comparative Theology has laid bare the roots of those docrines hitherto regarded as special to Christianity, and has traced their processes in older systems of religious thought. A still closer study of first Christian Records presents the gospels as removed from the time and place of the substance of their narration, and introduces the modern reader, not to miracles recorded by eye-witnesses, but merely to the *narrative* of miracles, received by hearsay, and recorded more than a hundred years after the supposed fact. The conception of Revelation has suffered a complete metamorphosis. If God exists in conscious relation with His human child, it is reasonable to suppose that He will reveal Himself to humanity. Thus far all Theists will be agreed. But as to the method of such revelation there is an ever widening difference between the old thought and the new. The old thought pictured God as speaking at special times and places, and by specially indorsed men, and last of all, by His Son Jesus Christ whom He hath appointed heir of all things. The new thought, breathing an atmosphere of the ever present, and saturated by a sense of the ever working, consents to nothing less than a continuous revelation, unbroken by time, unattached from special people and places, and limited by no lines other than those which divide truth from error. Recognizing the fact that this Divine truth has been deposited in many different ways, now in a rich silt, at the mouth of some vast river of religious activity, now crystallized in precious beds of clear truth in the heart of mighty human experiences, or again, scattered in particular spots of human adaptability; the new thought never varies from its fundamental idea of an orderly, natural, and gradual development, from the first unchartered moment of human prophecy to the deepest voices of a Buddha or a Jesus. And therefore the new thought is careless about miracle. *Its* proof is the orderly, the continuous, the constant. Miracle is a disturbance to faith.

So that just what has happened to the conception of revelation has happened to that of miracle. Devout men, unwilling to let go of a shred of the New Testament, have explained its miracles, not as disturbances of the Divine order, but as disclosures of a higher plane of law than the one commonly present to human eyes. For it will not do to present to the modern mind the notion that God contravenes any well-known law of the universe. Where the factors of facts are seen and known, no amount of evidence can change the attitude of modern thought with regard to the play of these factors. The wonders of the Old Testament have been relegated to the realm of allegory, romance, and parable. The laws of fluid displacement, of the action of heat, and of the earth's revolution, are regarded as inflexible; the Old Testament accounts of the floating axe-head, the fiery furnace, and the "sign" of the dial of Ahaz and Joshua's stationary sunlight, to the contrary, notwithstanding. But where the factors are not so well-known, where issues of life and death, and occult principles of change in material substance, leave room for the direct touch of the Divine finger, miracle is seen, by some, in the form of a higher law, still law, but sufficiently above our possible detection to be used as an "evidence" of some great dogma. Yet the movement of thought toward the open spaces of clear light must sooner or later break through the thin screen of this "higher plane of law," not indeed to the disparagement of the Theistic Idea, but to its more splendid presentation to the human mind.

The conception of evolution has entered the world of forms, and as a great dawning light, is spreading its penetrating radiance on all sides. In the half light in which phenomena have anciently been observed, nooks and crannies have been filled with curious spectral illusions, sufficiently interesting to invite attention, yet mysterious enough to repel close observation. But now the sun of Science, and the clear lenses of Inductive Philosophy, disenchant hill and dale and even cavernous depths, of the unnatural. Man has been so long used to halt at the turns of the road which leads up to the peaks of knowledge, expecting to come face to face with the shaggy form of Pan, that he naturally hesitates to walk boldly into the hiding-places of the long shadows, even though he knows he is at last lord of hill and dale. He is still afraid of ghosts, though he has ceased to believe in them.

But strangest of all, is the assertion that with the fall of the miracles of the New Testament, the whole record must dissolve. It is as if one should say, that with the expulsion of ghosts from a house, the house must fall, or with the banishment of Pan from the great mountains, the mountains themselves crumble into powder. We have accepted the ghost because there was a chamber for his lodgment, and Pan because there were caverns in which he could hide. We still believe in Christianity as a great fact, even though the miracles are dissolving into mists, and in the man Jesus, even though the wonder-tales woven for him, that coat of many colors, fade and fall to pieces, leaving but his figure exposed for the admiration of men.

Christianity is a thing wholly apart from its superstitions; it stands in its place in the development of the sentiment of religion, surrounded by the hills and valleys of the universe of thought and aspiration. It is one of a vast chain of peaks whose tops touch Heaven and whose broad sides stretch out and lay hold of the very foundations of the earth. Upon the ample slopes of this mountain we live, and the solidity of our home is no more menaced by the washing of its sides by the cool streams of truth, than the largest Alp is endangered by the melting of its snowy crown. Nor is the ethical kingship of Jesus hurt by the removal of the tinsel of miracles, any more than an Emperor is less mighty and royal, because we find that there was, after all, no remedy in his touch for the "kings evil."

The arguments, which from time to time have been launched against the credibility of miracles, are too well known to need more than a passing notice. They may be summed up into main classes represented by Hume and Huxley. The argument, *a priori*, is based upon the assertion that what is antecedently incredible can not be made credible by human evidence. This is substantially the argument of Hume. "Uniform experience is against every miraculous event, and such an event can not be proved to have taken place unless superior opposite experience can be produced. No testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle unless the testimony be of such a kind, that its falsehood would be more miraculous than the fact which it endeavors to establish. But human testimony in isolated cases, is not in itself trustworthy, and is never powerful enough to overthrow the balance of all antecedent experience." Mr. Huxley holds that miracles may be accepted on sufficient evidence. This argument, *a posteriori*, accepts human testimony as valid, provided it is capable of complete verification, though then a miracle would not be a contradiction to natural law, but a disclosure of new law. Applying these arguments to the New Testament miracles, we find that if Hume's position be sound, they are not established by evidence whose falsehood would be more miraculous than the miracles themselves. Taking into account the credulousness of the age in which the New Testament records came to light, taking into account the subjective influences which determined the writers, and taking into account the mutually contradictory nature of the records themselves, we can more easily think of the falseness, not to say falsehood, than we can the truth of the witnesses. And if Huxley's position be sound, as who shall say to the contrary, it is evident that the testimony to the miracles of the New Testament is wholly beyond the reach of verification. We have no original eye-witness to a single miracle said to have been done, by Jesus. We have nothing but a narrative of miraculous events, loosely written down by those who had received, by tradition, certain statements about facts, which were supposed to have occurred, more than one hundred years earlier than the age in which these statements were committed to writing. The "apology" that miracle does not violate, but only transcends, the observed uniformity of nature, falls short of proving, first, that it is necessary that anything should transcend the orderly presentation of the universe of forms; and secondly, that any such revelation of an upper zone of law has been actually made: and until such is proved beyond doubt, we must believe that things, as we now know and see them, represent things as they have always been. Shifting the question to Theistic ground, we may assume that while God could undoubtedly transcend the regular march of events by miraculous interferences, there is no trustworthy evidence that He has done so in any case, or at any time.

But in the consideration of such a question as this, we must remember that we belong to the Nineteenth Century, the age of sympathetic explanation. It is not enough to deny, we must explain; and indeed, in a case like this, to explain sympathetically is easy. When we consider in what obscurity the thought of the past has dwelt, when we recall the fact that Science is a very modern thing, and that but a very short time ago every one believed in miracles, we can easily put ourselves in the shoes of those who would reckon the miracles of Jesus, as of those things most readily to be received and believed. Nothing can be more natural than that those who, casting back upon the mirror of the past, the ideal image of Jesus as produced in the early Christian consciousness, saw there a picture of a Divine Savior and a Supreme Friend, should gratefully clothe him with such powers over nature as were thought concomitant with every exalted personality. The early Christians would have been unjust to their Ideal, if they had represented him as less powerful, and less willing to turn the currents of nature into the channels of helpfulness and love. And in all the ages since, however the dogmatists may have used those miracles of help and healing, the mass of devout believers have looked upon them as direct testimony of the Almighty love, reaching down from Heaven to earth, in the time of man's extremity, a hand of merciful compassion.

But this does not excuse the blindness of the dogmatists. For they are singularly blind to this fact, that the very simplicity and tenderness of the miracles of Jesus, save perhaps that of Gadara and of the fig tree, make against the use of miracles as "evidences" of a revelation coming with power.

Had Christianity needed anything beyond its own intrinsic value as an ethical system, and its great tenderness of promise and hope, it surely must have needed more than these obscure healings and comfortings, to force the unwilling mind into submission to its control. And more than all, it would have needed a continuous miracle to maintain the integrity of its testimonials. This miracle has not been vouchsafed, and so, while Christianity is a great fact beyond fear of overthrow, its so-called historic evidences of supernatural origin, are every day falling farther into the background of probabilities, and its miracles, tender and beautiful as they are in their subject-matter, are a stumbling

block to thoughtful and sincere lovers of simple verities. The attitude of much that passes for defense of Christianity may be compared to that of "a tortoise, clawing the ground for fear it may be turned upon its back;" so opposite is it from the position which its defenders might assume if they could read the signs of the times.

Matthew Arnold says very truly: "Thought and Science follow their own law of development; they are slowly elaborated in the growth and forward pressure of humanity," in what Shakespeare calls "The prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming on things to come." And from this pressure religion cannot escape. Religion comes to us as a human instinct and as a sacred tradition, each modified by the evolution of thought and science. But these two phases of religion must not be confounded. The instinct is wholly separate from the tradition. It expands with each advance of humanity; it is flexible and changeful, as the waves of human experience bend it to new shapes; it takes the color and flavor of each new moral movement; it is wholly unconfined by the ordinary bonds of special religious forms. The sacred tradition of religion is another thing. It is purely historical and evidential; it may belong to our age, or it may not; it may be in sympathy with our instinct, or against it. This tradition is a sacred thing as an ancestral treasure, but it may be only an heirloom after all. This is what the advocates of miracles forget. Those jeweled stories, set in the sacred history of our early Christianity, are beautiful; but they are heirlooms, very curious, very precious, but curious, and precious as the remains of an age and a system of thought long passed away.

It seems quite clear that modern thought and Science are both drawing away from these miraculous traditions, and are standing off from them more and more, whenever they are forced into prominence as matters of credibility; while the religious instinct of the time is drawing closer each day to the simply natural, and is resting upon the strength and majesty of the magnificent order by which we are surrounded, and with which we are getting each day more familiar. If Christianity would keep its place as the leader of mankind, it must be by leading in the pursuit of truth. And if Christianity could know in this its day, the things which make for its peace, such knowledge would ally it with those most wonderful of all "evidences" of Divine things and life, the earth, with its heart of fire, and coronet of snow; the solemn stars with their inevitable constancy; and the human soul, with its longings and its aspirations.

That only can be universal which carries its truth in its heart. That only can be Divine which is at "one with the blowing clover and the falling rain."

The New York *Tribune* says that "William Dawson is the name of a poor Quaker shoemaker in Spiceland, Ind., who has made his own telescope, constructed his own observatory, and for twenty years has furnished the Smithsonian Institution and the Meteorological Bureau with valuable statistics and observations."

THE PULPIT CONUNDRUM.

(Extract from a Letter.)

You write, "I have preached Liberalism into the people so much that I now have plenty of room, so for the present I think I shall stay where I am in my 'Orthodox' pulpit."

Well—much depends on the man; his conscience first; his love of clear thought second; his actual position in thought third. As long as a man can stay in his old place *without any strain to conscience, or trammel to mind*, I believe he had better stay—almost *ought* to stay. When that strain begins, as pretty certainly it will before long, he should keep honest ground under his feet, though he have to travel for it. But he need not always travel. If his growth has been honest *straight along*, (always provided he be really religious and lovable,) many of his people will probably have grown with him.

I don't believe, however, in the 'milk for babes and meat for men' theory of minister's work,—don't think people want or respect that kind of minister, if they know he is of that kind. And I don't see how a man *can* turn religious caterer and make his pulpit a restaurant of truth,—'meals served to order!' To Pickwickianize one's statements in order to Christianize them seems the worst kind of Infidelity—moral Infidelity. Whatever else he preaches, that man preaches insincerity and lack of faith. * * * No doubt the frankness lessens one's chance of new employment; but where a man is once felt as a religious force, I think that people—at least in Western Unitarianism—feel that it is 'religion' and not 'Christianity' that is the all-important thing. And when a man or a people have reached that recognition, they have learned that the matter of name, this or that, Unitarianism or Orthodox, Christian or non-Christian, makes very little matter. To learn that is in itself a great step in religious education, is it not? in its Freedom, Fellowship and Character aspects, all three.

One incidental yet important result of such frankness is that having once so expressly defined yourself by the very name you take or decline to take, you have the full liberty of your conscience; are spared the need of constant definitions; are freed from the temptation to negations. Even in criticising opinions you don't accept, more strength will go with showing the essential truth underlying the crude opinion than in attacking the crudity itself. In other words, your own refusal to take the ordinary name leaves you all the more a religious force.

W. C. G.

According to Mrs. Hooper, Victor Hugo, when a young man, had such faith in himself, that when a publisher refused one of his first poems, Hugo answered: "I am sorry for your sake. I was about to propose to you a contract by which I would have assured to you the right to all the future productions of my pen. It was a fortune that I was about to offer to you—but you refuse, and so no more need be said."

Mr. Froude, reproached by Mr. Freeman with hating the English Church and withdrawing from its ministry, explains that he "was but a victim of Oxford sectarian restrictions, entering Deacon's orders at a time when that step was a necessary condition of the tenure of a Fellowship. Finding himself unfitted for a clergyman's position, he abandoned it, and with it his Fellowship, though he still remains a lay member of the church." The "entering Deacon's orders" to hold his Fellowship seems as little creditable to Mr. Froude as to Oxford.

FIBRES TOWARD UNITY.

Some benevolent ladies in New York have petitioned the Board of Education that needle-work may be taught in the public schools.

Kansas, New Hampshire and now Massachusetts allow women the "school suffrage," to vote at the election of school committees.

A Catholic priest in New London, Conn., announces that the names and offences of all members of his church who appear in the police court of that city will hereafter be publicly announced in the church.

J. W. Porter, of Greeley, Col., reports that W. R. Alger's addresses there have "shaken the structure of superstition to its very foundation, and we believe a good work has been started which will crystalize into something permanent."

Mr. Ingersoll says: "I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes, and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great."

The Wesley M. E. Church of Brooklyn has called Miss Anna Oliver to its pulpit; although the Methodist Church to which she belongs "has hitherto refused to license her as a regular minister, on the ground that women were never so recognized by Wesley."

The forty-fifth Congress, in its last hours, passed an act establishing a National Board of Health, aiming to aid State authorities in acquiring and diffusing information upon all matters affecting the public health; and to give such special attention to quarantine as will, in conjunction with State laws and port regulations, be most efficacious in the prevention and spread of epidemics."

Dr. Howard Crosby says that while the Presbyterian church talks of growing and advancing, it is still "spiritually weak, easily led by surroundings, and ready to let the world instruct it." It is threatened with dangers from "worldliness in its broadest and deepest meaning, the worldliness which comes into the family, which leads the son into a mind-consuming hunt after gold, and the daughter after fashionable distinction, which makes ministers go to secular papers for notoriety."

Prof. James Bryce, in a recent speech as a Liberal candidate for Parliament, said "the Liberalism the working classes wanted was a positive Liberalism, a creative Liberalism, a Liberalism intended to make things better." One principle of Liberalism was "equality—civil, social and religious—and by the latter he meant disestablishment, as he did not see any good grounds for the legal advantage and privileges which were still given to the Church of England as an Established Church."

E. P. Powell, in an article in the *Christian Register*, says "the very soul of human want" is "common honesty." "Love has been talked about and prayed about so much in the churches, that it has degenerated into a sickly sentiment, with a thoroughly upas atmosphere." "The maudlin effort to create a tenderness between the soul and the Infinite effervesces in conceit, in self-deception, in lies. The principle of square dealing between man and man, and between the soul and God, is safe and sure."

C. W. Wendte had a recent service for admission to the church, with the following "bond of union": "We, whose names are here recorded, join ourselves together, heart and hand, as members of the First Congregational Church of Cincinnati, for the maintenance of a free, rational and liberal worship, the study and practice of the religious life, and to promote truth, righteousness, reverence and charity among men; and we cordially invite to our fellowship all who sympathize in these purposes and will co-operate with us in working for the kingdom of God." About a hundred have signed, and it is expected the number will be tripled in the coming weeks.

J. W. Chadwick in a recent sermon had this good word for *unity*: "The beauty of holiness, of wholeness, is not only the beauty of the wholeness of a man's nature in itself, each part consenting with the rest, but also of the wholeness of a man with all his fellow-men, so that he shall say as saith the Buddhist saint, 'Never will I accept private, individual salvation, never will I enter into final peace alone.' There is nothing so unlovely as a selfish, isolated life, because it is the fundamental necessity of our social being that we should help each other. The man who does not yield himself to this necessity, makes himself a wart, a wen, a hideous excrescence on the face of human life."

The "Marpingen miracles" have gone the way of others. The three girls who have had, since 1876, such marvelous visions of the Virgin, prove after a long prosecution and the examination of 170 witnesses, to be arrant liars; and the public prosecutor demands that they be imprisoned from one to three years. "A seal engraver deposed that the medals recording the appearance of the Virgin at Marpingen were ordered at his shop early in June, though the first celestial visit to the wood only occurred on July 3. Margaret Kunz, the cleverest of the three self-proclaimed visionaries, on examination came out a prodigious liar, steeped in wickedness and insolence beyond anything conceivable in a girl ten years of age."

James De Normandie, of Portsmouth, N. H., closes a good sermon on "Christ or Confucius?" as follows: "The story runs that once Whitfield was preaching from the text, 'In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him.' He began, 'Father Abraham,' with his hands and eyes gracefully directed to the heavens, 'Father Abraham, who have you there with you? Have you any Catholics?' 'No.' 'Have you any Protestants?' 'No.' 'Have you any Episcopalians?' 'No.' 'Have you any Dissenters?' 'No.' 'Have you any Presbyterians?' 'No.' 'Have you any Anabaptists?' 'No.' 'Have you any Pagans?' 'No.' 'Have you any Christians?' 'No.' 'Who have you there? Are you alone in the glory of the heavens?' 'No.' And the answer came sounding from the skies in the words, 'In *every* nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him.'"

Prof. Youmans, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, pleads for education in cookery. "He says: "Our kitchens are the fortified intrenchments of ignorance, prejudice, irrational habits, rule-o-thumb, and mental vacuity, and the consequence is that the Americans are liable to the reproach of suffering beyond any other people from wasteful, unpalatable, unhealthful and monotonous cookery. We profess to believe in the potency of education, and are applying it to

all other interests and industries excepting only that fundamental art of the preparation and use of food to sustain life, which involves more of economy, enjoyment, health, spirits, and the power of effective labor, than any other subject that is formally studied in the schools." But there are signs of improvement. "Cooking-schools are springing up in many places in this country and in England, and the English are taking the lead in organizing them as a part of their national and common-school system."

The tributes paid Dr. Channing at the recent celebration at Newport, on the ninety-ninth anniversary of his birth, (reported in the *Christian Register*,) were emphatic in declaring his freedom from any denominational opinion. Gov. Van Zandt, president of the evening, said Channing belonged "to no particular denomination, any more than a star belongs to the astronomer." R. R. Shippen "referred to the fact that he had been invited there as a reprcsentative of the American Unitarian Association, but said the face of Channing, looking from the canvas behind the pulpit, would rebuke him or any other who should presume to claim that great mind and heart and life as the property of a sect. Channing belonged to the whole of that humanity which he served." C. W. Eliot, President of Harvard University, wrote that Channing "by his eloquent speech and luminous and persuasive writings, greatly helped to destroy African slavery, and to rid Christianity of superstitions with which it had been encumbered." Wm. L. Garrison ranked him among "the foremost teachers, exemplars and benefactors of mankind." Geo. W. Curtis in a telegram called Channing an apostle of "that soul liberty which is the hope and the anchor of America;" and Andrew D. White called him "one whose life and thought are still a blessing to all nations."

The Paris correspondent of the *Nation* writes: "Whatever may be the defects of our Municipal Council, and they are numerous, it must be confessed that it is animated by a strong desire to promote primary education. But they show themselves very adverse to clerical education. Not only do they desire to keep the clerical masters out of the municipal schools; they would like to abolish even the most simple religious education, such as prayers, the reading of the New and Old Testament, the Catechism." "The present Minister of Public Instruction, M. Jules Ferry, is not only a theoretical free-thinker, he is aggressive; he has just brought before the Chambers a bill which is aimed at the exclusion of the Church from the higher education." But he thinks "such a step would not only have the character of a religious persecution, it would, at least for a number of years, throw immense difficulties in the way of the education of the people. If a revolutionary law could be voted to-morrow forbidding clerical education all over the country, it may safely be affirmed that two-thirds of the children of France would have to renounce education till new lay teachers in very large numbers could be procured." "The last census of Paris shows that the population is composed of 1,754,000 Catholics, 32,000 Lutherans and Calvinists, and 23,500 Jews.

The *Library Table* informs us that "at the recent conference of Baptist ministers in New York, a clergyman hailed with joy the appointment of President Andrew D. White, of Cornell University, as Minister to Berlin, on the ground that it would, so to say, remove an infidel incubus from the tender minds of the students at that 'godless college.'"

LITERARY.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Sermons by George Putnam, D. D., late Pastor of the First Religious Society in Roxbury, Massachusetts. With a fine Steel Portrait. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. A new edition, with Illustrations, an Introduction, and a full Bibliography of the various editions and languages in which the work has appeared, by Mr. George Bullen, of the British Museum. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

The Lady of the Aroostook. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

DR. PUTNAM'S SERMONS.

Houghton, Osgood & Co. have in this book furnished to the friends of Dr. Putnam a very fitting memorial of him. Though the sermons contain little of a personal nature, yet arranged as they are in the order of their production, and reaching from his ordination in 1830 to his last address in 1875, those who knew him are easily able to read his life between the lines. The sermons are likewise full of interest to all,—treating as they do of large and practical themes, with great breadth, force and sweetness.

In our limited space we can make but a few selections showing the breadth of the religion he taught, and his sympathy with our own objects. Though a Unitarian, he said Unitarians "were not really a sect, because they had no standard of qualifications, no test of admission, drew no lines, asked no questions of those who proposed to join them, excluded nobody for his belief or want of belief, recognized no tribunal among themselves that *could* exclude anybody; the door is wide open for anybody to come in or go out, and nothing said or done about it." At another time he writes, "It is no harm that there should be various sects, if it only comes to be acknowledged all round that there is but one religion, and that one is goodness. Sectarian divisions, then, will not be incompatible with charity, brotherly love, and universal good-fellowship. One may be of Paul, and another of Apollos, and another of Cephas, and yet all three be one in Christ, who knew of no religion, felt none, and taught none, but simple goodness, the love of God and man."

Dr. Putnam was, as we might expect from one of this spirit, hospitable to the most advanced conclusions of modern thought, though thinking physical science gave but one side of the case, and that "this age of material inquiry and progress will be succeeded by an age of spiritual activity." He seems to be growing to the last. His best sermons are those of his old age. Some of his finest are from the very year in which the stroke of paralysis came. Even after that he shows that the paralysis had not touched mind nor soul; and no sermon shows more breadth and beauty than that last touching address, in 1875, at the ordination of his successor.

NOTES.

Turgenieff has been expelled from Russia.

Prof. Summer, of Yale, is writing a history of political parties in this country.

The first edition, 2000, of Blake's Unity Services and Songs is already exhausted and a new edition out.

G. W. Cooke has an article in the March *Evolution* on "Education as a Remedy for Social Evils."

"UNITY," Vol. II., neatly bound in flexible cloth, with title page and complete index, can now be ordered; 50 cents per copy.

N. M. Mann, of Rochester, has supplemented his pamphle on the Bible by another containing three lectures on the New Testament.

A paragraphist, stating that Mrs. Southworth is at work on her sixtieth novel, adds: "Truth is stranger than fiction, but there's less of it."

It is said that "the Russian censorship threw difficulties in the way of the publication in St. Petersburg of Herbert Spencer's works, on the queer ground that works on sociology would encourage socialism."

Four valuable little pamphlets, new and old, on "What do Unitarians Believe?" "Representative Unitarians," "Books of Liberal Religion," and "Orthodoxy: Selections from its Creeds," all prepared by Rev. J. T. Sunderland, can be obtained from him at Ann Arbor, Mich., for 8 cents.

E. C. Stedman, when lately offered ten dollars by a lady for a silver-wedding poem, "if it suited her," is said to have replied "that he would not take advantage of her generosity, and advised her to address Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Browning on the subject, as these gentlemen made a specialty of silver weddings, and provided poems for such anniversaries at the rate of ten dollars a dozen."

A Lunar Wray's "At the Back of the Moon" has the following:

I asked a priest, "Do you believe all true
You teach the people?" "O dear, no," said he;
"But then, 'twould never do to speak you see,
For though we don't believe, the *people* do."

I asked a working man upon the street,
"Do you believe what priests say to the letter?"
"O no, we are not fools, and we know better;
The *priests* do."

James Freeman Clarke, lately lecturing on "Double Stars in Literature," is said to have argued "that if a great poet appeared with the lyric or subjective qualities of thought strongly developed, there was sure to follow him a great poet of the opposite order, genius like the electric fluid drawing toward itself antagonistic genius. In this way Chaucer and Spenser were linked together; Shakspeare and Milton; Byron and Wordsworth; Dante and Petrarch; Goethe and Schiller."

"Co-operation in England," according to Mr. Holyoake's recent history, unlike various socialistic schemes, aims to benefit the poor by thoroughly peaceful methods, by enabling them to create new wealth for themselves. It allows the workmen to share the profits according to their work. "It asks no aid from the State; it petitions for no gift from individuals; it disturbs no interests; it attacks nobody's fortune; it attempts no confiscation of existing gains; but stands apart, works apart, clears its own ground, gathers its own harvest, distributes the golden grain equally among all the husbandmen, and without needing favors or incurring obligations, it establishes the industrial classes among the possessors of the fruits of the earth." More than any other movement, it is said to have checked the hostility between laborers and capital.

James Napier's late book on "Folk-Lore; or Superstitious Beliefs in the west of Scotland within this Century," tells of a case which came under his notice, in which a mother who was weeping over her dearly loved first-born, was rebuked by her pastor and elder, who told her that "God, who was a jealous God, would not suffer His people to set their affections ton any object in a greater degree than on Himself; and therefore He, in His mercy toward her, had removed from her the object of her idolatry." He speaks of the still existing belief that a poker placed in front of the grate, with one end resting on the top bar, will help a fire to kindle; and thinks that the "practice originated in the belief that the slow or *dour* fire was spell-bound by witchcraft, and the poker was so placed that it would form the shape of a cross with the front bar of the grate, and thus the witch power be destroyed." He says it was believed "that the body of a suicide would not decay till the time arrived when, in the ordinary course of nature, he would have died." For that reason among others, a stake was driven through the corpse, to prevent it from leaving its grave and annoying its living neighbors.

In Tennyson's new poem is the following picture of the horrors of war:

"Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loop-holes around,
Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the ground,
Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies,
Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies,
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field,
Cholera, scurvy and fever, the wound that would not be healed,
Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife—
Torture and trouble in vain—for it never could save us a life,
Valor of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for grief,
Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief."

The *Nation's* review of "The New Puritan" (a life of Robert Pike) gives some incidents of New England life two hundred years ago. Pike defended the Baptists and Quakers against their oppressors, and opposed the witchcraft prosecution. His minister once rebuked him "for the 'abominable crime' of reviling his pastor, and not attending divine service;" but Pike summoned the minister, and "bound him over in high bail to the next court;" the minister in turn excommunicated Pike, and the general court had to pass a special act to settle the case. Here is an incident of Sabbath keeping in 1680: Having to go to Boston, the bad roads obliged him to start "as soon as the Sabbath sun should tell by its fall the end of the day, if he would be in time. He attended both services, and closed the day with prayer at his daughter's house, and soon after the sun disappeared, he started on horseback for the Merrimack. Unluckily, however, as he passed the house of one Winsley, who had a grudge against him, the deceptive clouds broke away, and a gleam of level sunlight from the horizon showed his error. He had started too soon and profaned the Lord's day, and neither his sixty-four years nor high standing could save him from punishment by fine."

Moritz Busch's book on "Bismarck in the Franco-German War of 1870–71," shows the iron Chancellor as orthodox as we might expect. One day at table Bismarck says to his companion: "If I were not a good believing Christian, if I had not the supernatural basis of religion, you would not have had such a Chancellor." "But the ancients," said his companion; "surely the Greeks displayed self-denial and devotion, surely they had a love for their country, and did great

things with it; I am convinced that many people now do the same thing from patriotic feeling and the consciousness of belonging to a great unity." Bismarck, however, insisted that this devotion to duty and to the state "is only the survival of the faith of our fathers and grandfathers transformed." A reviewer says Bismarck's "vigor in action is the secret of his strength, and is more remarkable than the resources of his intellect. Of the finer stuff which makes the poet, or the tempered material which forms the philosopher, he gives no sign. Everything is on a grand scale, bold, muscular, athletic, stamping the operations of his mind with a certain physical potency; but without the spiritual depth and insight which constitute mastery in the realms of thought. His love of good living is a passion. He knows the qualities of the barley-corn and the grape to a charm. His judgment of beer is infallible. His love of eating and drinking is a legitimate inheritance from the steel-gloved barons who held long wassail in their Teutonic castles, and all will allow that in this respect he does honor to his ancestry."

The March number of J. W. Chadwick's "Sermons" (to be obtained of James Miller, 779 Broadway, New York, at six cents each), is on "The Art of Life." Mr. Chadwick rejoices in the growth of art in this country; rejoices "that in the average country farm-house of to-day there is more real love of beauty than there was in the average city mansion five-and-twenty years ago. There is morality in this as well as beauty. As our homes become less barren they become more attractive, and our children love better to stay at home with us. We cannot have too many beautiful pictures, too many beautiful statues, too much beautiful music, too many beautiful houses. Nothing is too good for a man." But he pleads especially for the *art of life*, for a life in that artistic spirit which "compels a man to do his best for the best's sake," so that "he will not work down to any outward success, to any standard of the churches or of good society, but up to his own personal ideal of justice, truth and holiness." Mr. Chadwick says: "I care not who you are, however humble your position, however commonplace your tasks, if you will but persistently obey those laws of truth and righteousness which are not far from any one of you, and which forever wait on your desire to know their secret, and which grow more clear with every day's obedience; if you will but obey those laws, your daily life shall glow with a diviner beauty than of any picture that was ever hung on wall, than of any poem that was ever written, of any music that was ever played, simply because the actual beauty of a faithful, tender and heroic life is more to God and man than the report or fiction of the most splendid deeds that have been done or dreamed since human life began."

Among the many good things in the May *Atlantic* is the article by C. C. Coffin, on "Labor and the Natural Forces." The following are some of the conclusions he reaches on social and industrial questions:

"That the havings of to-day are far greater than in the past. That the earnings of the present are greater than in 1860. That the cost of articles that enter into living has not advanced in proportion to our earnings. That the mass of the people are better fed, clothed, housed, and in possession of more of the comforts of life than at any other period. That the change has been brought about by the development of the forces of nature through discovery, invention, the use of machinery, and the harmonious working of capital and labor." "That the laws of progress will ever require a readjustment of labor; that men will ever be forced to abandon old and seek new occupations That every advance in invention will demand a higher degree of intelligence, requiring a higher education. That men must accommodate themselves to the laws of progress, or be crushed by them." "That under those laws there has been a general diffusion of wealth; that while the rich may be growing richer, the poor are not necessarily growing poorer." "That though under the use of machinery men may be compelled to seek other occupations, each invention enlarges the sphere of labor. That pauperism and crime, instead of being on the increase, are on the decrease. That the human race, through the employment of the forces of nature, is moving ever on to a higher plane of civilization." These conclusions he supports by many statistics. The June *Atlantic* will contain a study of a New England Factory Town, by the author of the celebrated "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life."

WESTERN CONFERENCE.

The Western Unitarian Conference at Cincinnati, will open Tuesday evening, May 6, with a sermon by Calvin Stebbins, of Detroit, on "The Heavenly Vision." Wednesday morning will be occupied with devotional meeting led by Robt. Collyer, and a business session. Wednesday afternoon, essays will be read by F. L. Hosmer, of Cleveland, on "Our Congregational Church service," and by J. C. Learned, of St. Louis, on "How to Read the Bible." Wednesday evening, M. J. Savage, of Boston, will preach on the "Unitarian Position and Outlook." Thursday morning, after devotional meeting led by R. R. Shippen, the practical work of the Conference will be discussed, and an essay read by George Chainey, of Evansville, Ind., on "Completeness." In the afternoon, Charles Cravens, of Toledo, will read an essay on "Our Reason to be," and Brooke Herford another on "What our Churches should be *Doing*." The Conference will close Thursday evening with a Platform Meeting. Besides those mentioned, Henry Powers, Russell Bellows, Stephen Camp, J. H. Heywood, Geo. W. Julian, Celia P. Woolley and others are expected to take part.

The essays are limited to 30 minutes by the committee, that ample time may be had for discussion and business. Delegates should bear in mind that the prime purpose of this meeting is not to listen to learned essays, or to make fine speeches, but to wisely plan for future work in the interest of that religion which culminates in Freedom, Fellowship and Character. The most important part of the Conference work will undoubtedly be that accomplished during the morning sessions, at the Women's Meeting which will be called by the Women's Union of Chicago, the meeting of the Publishing Committee of UNITY, and the Sunday School meeting on Friday.

Delegates who pay full fare to Cincinnati, will receive from the Secretary of the Conference return tickets on the roads already announced. Those who will attend are requested to send their names as soon as possible to C. W. Wendte. Mr. Wendte reports that "Cincinnati is looking its best at present. The season has come in with a rush—trees are bursting into bloom, violets and lilacs shed their perfume."

Trains leave Chicago from depot foot of Lake street at 9:40 A. M. and 8 P. M., arriving in Cincinnati 10 P. M. and 8:15 A.M. Fare from Chicago, one way $9.00. Berth on night train $2.00. Delegates arriving at Cincinnati are to report at the church, corner of Plum and Eighth.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society will be held on the day following the Conference, Friday, May 9. The annual report of the society will be made by the President, Wm. C. Gannett, of St. Paul, Minn. After a year of decided activity, the most fruitful in the history of the society, we come together to compare notes and discuss methods. Let each one come prepared with important questions and suggestions. The occasion and cause demands a large meeting. May we have it?

JENK. LL. JONES, Secretary.

CHICAGO NOTES.

Rev. Brooke Herford is giving a series of discourses on Christ in the Third Church, under the following heads: "The Story of Christ's Life," "Christ's Help to the Religion of the Past," "Christ's Help to the Religion of the Present."

The Philosophical Society held its annual election of officers last Saturday evening, and elected Prof. Edmund Andrews, M. D., one of our most prominent physicians, and quite a renowned scientist, to the presidency. The remaining officers and committees were elected from the best working material of the Society, and renewed efforts will be made to increase public interest in the organization, and to add to its efficiency in every possible way. The Philosophical Society is one of the recognized institutions among us, and is doing excellent work, in its way, for the formation of rational free thought. Though its membership consists largely of radicals and "unbelievers," the disposition is always manifest to hear all sides, and if the conservative and orthodox phases of thought are not always represented, it is because the advocates of that school are slow to avail themselves of the perfectly free platform offered by the society.

About a fortnight after the delivery of his lecture on the "Mistakes of Moses," Mr. Ingersoll again appeared before us to reply to his clerical opponents in a discourse bearing the somewhat ominous title of "Skulls," further explained as "a plea for the liberty of man, woman and child." Prof. Swing, Mr. Collyer and Mr. Herford were reviewed in turn, the reply to each being about the same, *viz:* that it is an evasion of the question to say that the old testament is a myth or a poem, and that the ancient Hebrews lived in a barbarous age. He wanted only an "honor bright" answer. Did these gentlemen believe in a God who countenanced polygamy, and then the speaker called upon his hearers to join him in "hating" such a God, and in "hating" Moses who has given us such an account of God. The majority of liberals have too long ago parted company with both Moses and the God of Moses to find any satisfaction in hating them. Surely Mr. Ingersoll must know that the liberal clergy have always taught that "the Bible is inspired in no other sense than Shakespeare is inspired;" only with them the Bible has gained, not lost, by being thus studied according to the ordinary principles of literary criticism. Acknowledging the worth and weight of Mr. Ingersoll's advice, the great pity seems to be that perfect harmony should not prevail between him and those who so nearly agree with him.

Mr. Collyer preached yesterday morning on "The Truth about the Bible," making his own position very clear. The book is inspired in three ways, of God, of man and of the devil, besides containing a good deal that is quite uninspired. It contains much that is good and much that is evil, and men "search the scriptures" not so much for instruction as to find confirmation of their own views. Calvinism and Universalism being equally proved in its pages. Mr. Collyer's personal estimate of the Bible is very high, to him it is the book of books, to the faithful study of which he attributes whatever there has been of value and of merit in his long ministry.

April 28th. C. P. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DENVER, COL., April 16, 1879.

DEAR UNITY: Please find enclose my subscription for the current year. We are flourishing finely here in the gay young capital of the young giant Colorado. The greatest difficulty is to attract and get a hearing from the multitude who in their reaction from orthodoxy go over to the extreme of unbelief and indifference. They have given up what they consider a false religion, and in place of it they take up with mere negations. In spite of this obstacle, which is even more serious here in this crude and eager life of the West than elsewhere, we are very successful. I have done some missionary work in other places, too, and have uniformly been heard with earnest attention. At Greeley, Mr. J. W. Porter has started a promising interest among the Liberals, who are very strong there. I hope a new society of our faith will begin there at an early day. Mr. Porter will soon send you a list of new subscribers.

The scenery is sublime and beautiful here; the climate wonderfully salubrious. The city is a marvel of charming situation, intense enterprise and rapid growth. The people are extremely intelligent and generous, being fearfully absorbed in external materialities. I am about to give a course of lectures on "Poetry as an Antidote to this Materialism, and a means of Enriching the Inner Life."

In haste, ever cordially yours,

WM. R. ALGER.

"Infidelity does not consist in believing or disbelieving; it consists in professing to believe what one does not believe." —*Th. Paine.*

The latest sect announced is one in Texas "of five ex-Presbyterian ministers," named "The Temple of the Coming Lord." It is to be hoped they will secure his "coming" there before the next election.

A "tremendous" dispute is reported, between various Mussulmans in Madras, for the possession of a supposed hair from the beard of Mahomet. But, as in most such cases, the dispute is rather for the *reward*, this time in the shape of a pension allowed by the government for guarding the relic.

Bishop Colenso too has advocated the rights of the Zulus and opposed Sir Bartle Frere's policy. Hence when the other day, a lady alluded to the Zulus as savages, Lord Beaconfield is said to have answered: "Savages, madam, how can you call savages men who have defeated our general and converted our bishop."

Renan who described St. Paul as a man with "a small, bald head, pale face, thick beard, aquiline nose, and piercing eyes, with black eye-brows meeting over the nose" was recently, in his welcome to the Academy, rallied on his intimate acquaintance with the apostle. Renan, however, seriously defends the portrait, from various passages in the New Testament and other writings.

Rev. Charles H. Brigham's will is published in the Taunton papers. He left a fortune of $58,000, accumulated in the ministry and by literary work. This sum is to be divided among his relatives, but $1000 are set aside for a monument in the Unitarian churchyard, in which he desired to be buried, and the future care of his grave. His valuable library, which includes so many foreign books, is left to the Meadville Theological School.

SCRIPTURES, OLD AND NEW.

COMPILED BY F. L. H.

WORSHIP.

There is a wider division of men than that into Christian and Pagan; before we ask what a man worships, we have to ask whether he worships at all.—*Ruskin.*

Wonder is the basis of Worship. * * The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder (and worship), were he President of innumerable Royal Societies, and carried the whole *Mecanique Celeste* and *Hegel's Philosophy*, and the epitome of all Laboratories and Observatories with their results, in his single head,—is but a Pair of Spectacles behind which there is no Eye.—*Carlyle.*

This world is not for him who does not worship.—*Bhagavadgita*, (*Hindu*, 200 *B. C.*)

God hath introduced man as a spectator of Himself and His works; and not only as a spectator, but as an interpreter of them. It is therefore shameful that man should begin and end where irrational creatures do. He is indeed to begin there, but to end where nature itself hath fixed our end; and that is, in contemplation and understanding, and in a scheme of life conformable to nature.—*Epictetus*, (*about* 100 *A. C.*)

Reverence that which is best in the universe; and this is that which makes use of all things and directs all things. And in like manner also reverence that which is best in thyself; and this is of the same kind as that.—*Marcus Aurelius*, (121-180 *A. C.*)

Let us adore the supremacy of that divine Sun, the Godhead, who illuminates all, who re-creates all, from whom all proceed, to whom all must return; whom we invoke to direct our minds aright in our progress towards his holy seat.—*Rig-Veda*, (*Hindu*, 1500 *B. C.*)

If we traverse the world, it is possible to find cities without walls, without letters, without kings, without wealth, without coin, without schools and theatres; but a city without a temple or that practiseth not worship, prayer, and the like, no one ever saw.—*Plutarch*, (50-120 *A. C.*)

The hour is coming and now is, when the true worshippers will worship the Father in spirit and in truth. God is Spirit; and they who worship, must worship in spirit and in truth.—*Jesus.*

For a man to bow down his head like a bulrush, and lie down in sackcloth and ashes,—wilt thou call this a fast, a day acceptable to the Lord? Is not this the fast that I approve,—to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, and to break in pieces every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and when thou seest the naked, that thou clothe him?—*The "Unknown" Isaiah*, (*6th Century B. C.*)

Any place where the mind of man can be undisturbed, is suitable for the worship of the Supreme Being.—*Veda*, (*Hindu*, 800 *B. C.*)

Cultivate piety and banish costliness from temples.—*Cicero*, (106-43 *B. C.*)

God's pleasure is not in the magnificence of temples, but in the piety and devotion of consecrated hearts.—*Seneca*, (3-65 *A. C.*)

No man can hinder our private addresses to God; every man can build a chapel in his breast, himself the priest, his heart the sacrifice.—*Jeremy Taylor*, (1613-1667 *A. C.*)

There are such things woven into the texture of man as the feeling of Awe, Reverence, Wonder—the love of the beautiful, physical and moral, in Nature, Poetry, and Art. There is also that deep-set feeling which, since the earliest dawn of history, and probably for ages prior to all history, incorporated itself into the Religions of the world. You who have escaped from these religions into the high-and-dry light of the understanding, may deride them; but in so doing you deride accidents of form merely, and fail to touch the immovable basis of religious sentiment in the emotional nature of man.—*Prof. Tyndall*, (*Belfast Address.*)

'Tis certain that worship stands in some commanding relation to the health of man, and to his highest powers, so as to be, in some manner, the source of intellect. All the great ages have been ages of belief. I mean, when there was any extraordinary power of performance, when great national movements began, when arts appeared, when heroes existed, when poems were made, the human soul was in earnest, and had fixed its thoughts on spiritual verities with as strict a grasp as that of the hands on the sword, or the pencil, or the trowel.—*Emerson.*

And yet there is, at worst, one Liturgy which does remain forever unexceptionable; that of *Praying* (as the old Monks did) *by Working.* And indeed the Prayer which accomplished itself in special chapels at stated hours, and went not with a man, rising up from all his work and action, at all moments sanctifying the same—what was it ever good for? 'Work is Worship': * * * Its cathedral the Dome of Immensity,—hast thou seen it? Coped with the star-galaxies; paved with the green mosaic of land and ocean; and for altar, verily, the star-throne of the Eternal! Its litany and psalmody the noble acts, the heroic work and suffering, and true heart-utterance of all the valiant of the sons of men. —*Carlyle.*

O Power more near my life than life itself,
* * * * * *
If sometimes I must hear good men debate
Of other witness of Thyself than Thou,
As if there needed any help of ours
To nurse Thy flickering life, that else must cease,
Blown out as 'twere a candle, by men's breath,
My soul shall not be taken in their snare,
To change her inward surety for their doubt
Muffled from sight in formal robes of proof:
While she can only feel herself through Thee,
I fear not Thy withdrawal; more I fear,
Seeing, to know Thee not, hoodwinked with dreams
Of signs and wonders, while, unnoticed, Thou
Walking Thy garden still, commun'st with men,
Missed in the common-place of miracle.—*James Russell Lowell.*

Devoutly look, and nought but wonders shall pass by thee;
Devoutly read, and then all books shall edify thee;
Devoutly speak, and men devoutly listen to thee;
Devoutly act, and then the strength of God acts through thee.
—*Wisdom of the Brahmins. Ruckert*, (*Tr. C. T. Brooks.*)

SERIES III. **SCHOOL LIFE.** LESSON 6.

BY MRS. F. B. AMES.

SELF-EDUCATION.

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"—1 *Cor.* iii, 16.

(See Seguin's "Idiocy;" Mme. Kriege's "Child;" Smiles's "Self-Help" and "Character.")

Golden Rule of Self-Education,—"*Heaven helps those who help themselves.*" God has put the beginnings of knowledge and goodness in us: it is we who must make them grow by exercise. Books, teachers, friends, our bodies, the world around us, are helps: but we are all "self-made," after all. "Every person has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives to himself."

Use of bodily faculties. The mind grows best when the bodily faculties are also used, and the body and its faculties best when the mind is also used. For instance:—

1. The *body* is trained by work and by gymnastics. Learn how to leap, swim, skate, row, ride, drive, as part of your education; and to do each well, not clumsily. To *find out the best ways* of doing things gives the mind its share in the work. Over-work, under-work and poor work by the body, all dull the mind; what does "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" mean?

2. The *hand.* As soon as the hand of an idiot can be made to do things accurately and surely, his mind begins to grow.—(Seguin.) This shows the order of growth, and the dependence of mind on the body. *Train* the hand, then, by using tools, the needle, the pencil, the painting brush: you see, it trains more than the hands.—Besides, such tools, well used, become so many new long fingers. Learn to do the things "handy" in daily life,—how to drive a nail; saw a stick; build a fire; darn a stocking; put on a patch; set a table; make a bed; harness a horse. Boys and girls, both, should learn all these things. Are the helpless and "good-for-nothing", well educated? The "getting along" faculties must be trained. Get common-sense anyway; book-learning, if you can.

3. The *eye.* Train the eye to see. What trees grow around you, and when do they blossom? What of the birds,—their song, flight, habits? The clouds,—kind, movements, indications? Can you measure lengths, heights, distances by the eye? Many persons never see the world they live in. Prof. Agassiz could see insect-organs only one-tenth the size of those at which many stopped their seeing. Were their eyes different from his?

Use of books. Books should be used to set us thinking,—thinking about the meaning of words and sentences and descriptions, the reasonableness of explanations, etc.; and to answer our own "whys?" If the mind is set to work, we shall not need many books. It is not the amount of learning, but the use we make of what we have, that mainly educates us. What is the difference between "knowledge" and "wisdom?" The college course of Dr. Channing's day was not much more than some of our High Schools furnish now. Shakespeare had not so much schooling as some of our grammar-school boys. Henry Clay's "school of oratory" was in reciting aloud as he took the cows to and from pasture.

A conscience in self-education: we owe it to God to make the most of ourselves with the means of growth placed in our reach. However simple, if so used, they are enough to make us surely serviceable to others and to ourselves. If not so used, we as surely realize the consequence in stunted faculties, lessened sources of happiness, and, when we grow up, in *bitter regrets over our lost opportunities.*

SERIES III. **SCHOOL LIFE.** LESSON 5.

BY MRS. F. B. AMES.

BRIGHTNESS AND DULLNESS.

"'Tis clear, if we refuse the means so limited, the tools so rude, to execute our purpose, life will fleet, and we shall fade and leave our work un done."

(Read the parable of the Talents, Matt. xxv. 14-30: also in "Stories from the Lips of the Teacher." For illustrations, see Smiles's books, "Self-Help" and "Character.")

Need of every kind of talent. Who are to plan and build the houses, ships, railroads and bridges of the next generation? Who are to make the furniture, clothing and machinery? Raise the wheat, corn, cattle, fruit? Paint the pictures, carve the statues, write the books, teach the schools, make the laws? *You; boys and girls now at school.* Are you going to do your part well? to make a world good to live in? Then you must begin now, and put faithfulness and perseverance in your boy and girl work. We cannot have a good world, if the humblest duties are neglected. It is necessary to make laws well *and* to sweep a room well.

How Brightness is dulled. Bright boys and girls do not always grow into useful men and women. Why? They are spoiled,—

1. By *self-conceit;* the *praise* of friends, and *comparisons* of themselves with others who are duller, make them more occupied with self-exhibition than self-improvement. To "show off" at recitations and examinations becomes the motive of study. "Hardly any dram is so noxious as praise: for those whom praise corrupts might else have wrought good in their generation." An after-effect is impertinence and ill-breeding.

2. By *shallowness;* when it is easy to do "pretty well," there is strong temptation not to do better. The mind only grows by doing its best. Many men and women with grown up bodies have minds that stopped growing long ago.

3. By *idleness;* when it is easy to get lessons in a little time, there is a temptation to spend the rest of the time in trifling or idleness. Then laziness becomes the habit of the mind.

Remedy. Do not let praise "puff up." The wisest persons are the humblest: think people over,—is it not so? Never compare yourself with duller persons. Shut the lips tight when tempted to speak just to show off!—A bright mind is a gift of God to be used for noble purposes; the brighter you are, the more accountable you are. Has much been given you? Be glad, but because you then can give so much.

How Dullness is brightened. Dull scholars often fail from causes which might be avoided.

1. *Never envy.* Do not let comparisons breed bitter feelings. No one can study well who has one eye out to see if some one else is getting ahead faster. The less we work for honor and praise, the better work we shall do.

2. *Never be discouraged* by failures, or because easily excelled Low spirits hinder brain-work. Keep cheery! up and at it again! "It is very well to make a brilliant 'first speech,' but show me a man who has *not* succeeded at first *and yet has gone on,* and I will back him!", said a great orator. Sir Walter Scott and Liebig were called "boobies" at school.

3. *Never be idle.* A great deal of what is called dullness is only idleness. An hour or more of study would often put the dull scholar on a par with the bright one. "Time and patience turn the mulberry leaf into satin." "Does it take me twice as long as others to get the lesson, then I will *take* twice as long for it,"—has put more than one man among the world's great helpers. A *slow* mind may grow to be a *sure* one.

UNITY.

Published semi-monthly at 75 Madison St., Chicago.

Editor, H. M. SIMMONS.

Business Agent, F. L. ROBERTS.

Publishing Committee. ROBERT COLLYER, W. C. GANNETT, JENK. LL. JONES, C. W. WENDTE, J. C. LEARNED.

TERMS:

One copy, per year $1 50
Ten copies, or more, each..... 1 25
Single Copies 07

Send money by Registered Letter, P. O. Order, or Draft on Chicago Bank. Drafts, however small, on Banks outside of Chicago, are liable to a charge of 25 cents for cashing.

Address all money and business letters to the office. All editorial communications to H. M. Simmons, Madison (no longer Kenosha), Wis.

DO YOU LIKE OUR NEW UNITY? The year-old missionary has changed its coat and put on larger shoes; for it is growing. And it craves a wider field to go about in, doing good. If it be welcome in your home, show it to your neighbor, and send it to your cousin. There is a woman on the next street, and a man down town, who would like to see it. Mail it to that old friend of yours in the village where the three churches make it lonely for a Liberal. Get up a club of ten in your town. Now is the time to subscribe and ask others to.

PROSPECTIVE.—The two series, each of twelve articles, begun in our last paper, will continue in successive numbers as follows:—

I. *Liberal Preachers of America out of the Pulpit.*

Poets.	*Essayists.*
Bryant.....*W. C. Gannett.*	Emerson.....
Longfellow.*Mrs. S. B. Beals.*	Thoreau.....*Rob't Collyer.*
Lowell..*Mrs. S. C. Ll. Jones.*	Curtis.....*R. N. Bellows.*
Whittier....*Miss H. Tolman.*	Whipple.....*C. A. Bartol.*
Holmes..*Mrs. A. W. Rollins.*	Fiske.....*J. L Dudley.*
Emerson..*Mrs. E. T. Wilkes.*	Draper.....*H. W Bellows.*

II. *The Growth of Doctrine*, or *The Old-New Creed.*

Trinity-Unity.*Brooke Herford*	Conversion.....*J. P. Long.*
Incarnation.....*R. A. Griffin.*	Atonement...*W. C. Gannett.*
Miracle.....*G. E. Gordon.*	Prayer.....*S.. Longfellow.*
Inspiration .....*Joseph May.*	Immortality .....*C. F. Dole.*
Predestination.*J.H Heywood.*	Hell.....
Original Sin ..*W. J Potter.*	Heaven.....

RECEIPTS.

Hereafter, all money received for subscriptions will be acknowledged in print, as below, instead of by private letter. Parties whose names do not appear are requested to notify us.

The following have been received from subscribers during the month of April:

J. H. Crooker $7 50, T. W. Laundon 6 00, Anton Broasch 50 cts, C. C. Chaney 1 50, C. Covell 30 00, L. G. Ware 1 50, Liberty Hall 3 00, Mrs. A. F. Bruen 1 50, Dr. E. P. Cummings 1 50, Miss Helen Shepard 1 50, M. J. Miller 6 50, J. C. Kearns 1 50, W. C. Gannett 96 00, Mrs. T. S. Powers 1 50, James Freeman Clarke (a donation) 5 00, M. B. Hull 3 00, D. A. Blodgett 1 50, Mrs. C. A Turner 1 25, Charles W. Wendte 10 50, Annie Holland 1 50, S. E. Baker 66 cts., Mrs. H. M. Emmons 1 50, Samuel Longfellow 16 25, Mrs. C. J. Richardson 21 25, John W. Chadwick 1 50, John R. Effinger 20 00, Mrs. H. C. Moore 3 00, R. L. Herbert 2 50, M. B. Bryant 1 50, George W. Cooke 2 50, Enoch Lewis 5 00, Miss M. J. Ellis 1 50, J. S. Ensign 31 25, W. C. Gannett 9 50, J. G. Evans 2 00, Wm R. Alger 2 00, R. C. De Witt 1 50, Spencer L. Bailey 1 50, R. Stuart Chase 1 50, Mrs. C. J. Richardson 2 50, Elizabeth Thurber 1 50, C. Covell 13 75, S. I. Gordon 3 00, George Riker 2 00, Mrs M. M. Baker 1 50, E. B. Winship 1 50, A. H. Hoy 1 50, Russell N. Bellows 1 50, H. L. Stephenson 1 50, A. W. Rice 1 50, Samuel R. Mumford 1 50, Mrs. E. S. Wait 1 50, Jenk. Ll. Jones 7 50. Total, $349 62

WESTERN UNITARIAN HEADQUARTERS,

75 Madison Street.

FRANCES L. ROBERTS, SUPERINTENDENT.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

BASIS OF FELLOWSHIP.

WHEREAS, We feel the great need of rallying the Liberal mind of the West around one common centre; therefore,

Resolved, That the Western Unitarian Conference condition its fellowship on no dogmatic tests, but welcome all thereto who desire to work with it in advancing the Kingdom of God. (Adopted at Chicago, May 14, 1875.)

It is hoped that societies who have not yet contributed their portion of funds to the missionary work of the year, will send same by their delegates or through the mails to the annual meeting noticed elsewhere, that the accounts may be squared. Delegates are urged to come with an intelligent sense of the financial willingness of their societies for the coming year.

WEST. UNIT. SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

This society will make its annual plea for membership at the meeting noticed in another column. It aims to increase the efficiency of our Sunday Schools, and has already a considerable "Tool Chest" which it is constantly enriching. All the friends should bring or send the DOLLAR that constitutes an annual member; while many, it is hoped, will spare the TEN DOLLARS that makes a life member.

UNITY SERVICES.

A SERVICE for the SUNDAY OF FLOWERS, arranged by Samuel Longfellow. Prices probably the same as for the Easter Service below—not larger. Send orders.

The EASTER SERVICE with several carols and music, (eight pages,) arranged by J. Vila Blake, offers much that will be enjoyed throughout the Spring: 40 cts. per dozen, $2.50 per hundred.

UNITY SERVICES AND SONGS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS by J. Vila Blake, single copies, 25 cents; per doz, $2.00; per 100, $10.00; manilla edition plainer, but more durable, per 100, $8.00.

UNITY LESSONS.

FIRST SERIES—"Corner Stones of Character,"—by Mrs. K. G. Wells. 12 lessons,—6 slips. Single sets, 10 cts. 25 sets or more, 5 cents per set. Bound in pamphlet and interleaved for notes—single copies, 15 cts.; per doz, $1.25.

SECOND SERIES—"Home Life,"—by Mrs. Susan I. Lesley and Mrs. E. L. Head. 12 lessons (6 slips). Same forms and prices as above.

THIRD SERIES—"School Life,"—By Mrs. F. B. Ames. 12 lessons. Published in current Nos. of UNITY; also in separate slips at prices as above.

TOOL CHEST for workers in Liberal Sunday Schools, eight page pamphlet, price 5 cts.

BOOK DEPARTMENT.

Theodore Parker's Discourse of Religion, paper.....	$ 75
Channing's Works, complete in one vol	1 00
Religion of Israel, A. Kuenen, 3 vols.....	9 00
Religion of Israel, Knappert.....	1 00
Bible for Learners, (Old Testament) 2 vols	4 00
The Bible of To-day, J. W. Chadwick.....	1 50
What is the Bible? J. T. Sunderland.....	1 00
Hymn and Tune Book, revised edition.....	1 25
Religion and Materialism, by James Martineau	1 25
Materialism and Theology, by James Martineau.....	1 25
Essentials and Non-Essentials in Religion, Jas. F. Clarke, paper 25 cents; cloth	50
The Way of Life, a Service Book, by F. L. Hosmer, cloth, 50 cents; paper	40
Child's Book of Religion, O. B. Frothingham.....	1 00
Childhood of the World, Edward Clodd,.....	60